



# Glenwood

## The Range that "Makes Cooking Easy."

Reynolds & Son, Barre, Vt.

### The Times' Daily Short Story.

#### An Elopement.

[Original.]  
When a girl of eighteen is in possession of a fortune, she is very fortunate if she does not become a target for some person or persons desirous of relieving her of it. Bessie Crapo had been tenderly brought up until she was seventeen years old, when she had the misfortune to lose her father and mother in rapid succession. Her mother's sister, Miss Barbour, a spinster of forty, was called in to take charge of the house and the young girl as well. The estate was administered by Arnold Atwater, an attorney, also in middle life and unmarried. Mr. Crapo had conceived a high regard for Mr. Atwater's shrewdness and had left him sole executor of his estate.

A pretty girl and a couple of hundred thousand dollars were too tempting a prize for Mr. Atwater's integrity. Winning the confidence of Miss Barbour, he succeeded in keeping the heiress a virtual prisoner with a view to prevent her marrying—that is, unless he could succeed in marrying her himself.

All this is an old story. The interest in this yarn lies in an effort made by young Bob Allison to get the maiden out of the hands of the designing attorney. Bob and Bessie had grown up together and had plighted their childish troth long before either knew anything about worldly goods. But Bob was to be the architect of his own fortune, and Miss Barbour, who in her present position, was in better circumstances than she had ever been before and had no wish to leave it, made the young man's poverty a convenient excuse for opposing him. So it was Bob and Bessie versus Atwater and Barbour.

It did not take the young couple long to discover that there was but one way to win, and that was to gain for Bob the legal control of Bessie, which would also give him the control of her fortune. To do this marriage was necessary, and the only way to effect marriage was an elopement.

Now, in elopements it is far easier for the runaways to make a start than to avoid capture. Teverton, where these people lived, was a way station on a great railroad. In the event of the girl being missed the first place those desiring to capture her would look would be the Teverton station. The exigencies of the case required that the couple should take to the runaways. But how? An automobile has for enterprises requiring swiftness taken the place of horses, and Bob in laying his plans gave the fact due consideration.

One morning there was a sharp ring at Mr. Atwater's telephone, and the crisp voice of Miss Barbour informed him that Bob Allison had come to the house in an automobile. Bessie had evidently been expecting him, for she was dressed for a ride; she had run out and jumped into the automobile before she could be prevented, and they had sped away at a furious pace. This information was communicated in a few fragments of sentences. Atwater threw down the receiver, seized his hat and in two minutes was in an automobile garage offering any amount for the use of the fastest machine in the place. One was immediately placed at his disposal, and, proceeding to pick up Miss Barbour, he sped along in the direction she indicated.

Twice only he was obliged to stop up before getting on to the main road to make inquiries if an automobile had gone that way; but, the answers being definite and satisfactory, he was not obliged to ask again, for there was but one road in the vicinity on which an automobile could make progress, that beside the railroad.

Sundry vehicles were passed on the way, and all, bearing a farocious snoring behind, pulled out to the side of the road. But one old trap of a station hack jogged along without paying any attention to the coming clatter. Atwater was obliged to slow up, attempting first to get by on one side, then on the other, the hack driver taking up most of the road. Atwater, who was of a suspicious nature, suspecting that the man might be in league with the fugitives to delay him, threatened to run him down if he did not get out of the way. This brought the driver to his senses, and he drew up on one side while the automobile whizzed by like a cannon ball.

The delay was but slight, and the power of the automobile being tremendous, the pursuers forged ahead at the rate of forty miles an hour. Since there was no machine to be had at Teverton that could do better than thirty Atwater felt confident of success. Indeed, in turning the next bend in the road he saw ahead a cloud of dust that he knew concealed an automobile.

It was a mad chase, a dangerous chase, but from the first it was evident that the automobile ahead was no match for the one behind. Every mile passed by the former resulted in half a mile gain by the latter. The dust concealed the fugitives, but Atwater had no doubt whatever that they were there, for their machine was putting on all the speed of which it was capable in an evident attempt to distance him.

In due time the fugitive machine was overtaken, but what was the pursuer's surprise to find in it no one but a chauffeur.

After deliberation the train returned to the house to find Bob Allison at the door.

"I'm the husband of the owner of this property," he said, "and have no use for either of you."  
"For land sake!" exclaimed the aunt. "How did you do it?"  
"We were in the hack you passed on the road."

NELLIE EDNA CURTIS.

Vinegar Workers.

Men who work for many years in vinegar factories experience dull pains in the joints, caused by the fumes of the acid softening the lime in the bones.

Climbing Plants.  
If a prop or support of any kind be placed within six inches of a climbing plant the tendrils of the plant will surely find it, even though its position be shifted every day.

To Make Camphorated Oil.  
Get the common cottonseed oil, which is sold for sweet oil. Small bottles at retail stores usually cost 10 cents. Half fill a six ounce bottle with gum camphor, then fill with oil and let it stand in a very warm place overnight. The oil will take up only just so much of camphor, and when it is used off fill with oil again, repeating the process until the camphor is dissolved. This is cheap and clean and will not soil clothing.

### HINTS FOR SPRING.

New Tailored Skirts—Checks and Men's Suits Smart.

The new skirts on spring tailor makes are short, reaching barely to the instep in many cases, and have side breadths cut with a broad circular flare. The apron front goes is held flat with a shaped box plait made solid with one or three side ones. The effect of this front is that of a V upside down with the sharp point lacking.

Men's suits and "spring checks"—thin lightweight wools with much



FOR WARM WEATHER—539.

white washed by delicate lines of color—are smart materials. On the less dressy frocks which the men's suitings turn out there is seldom any trimming other than that of stitching, but the more elegant checked stuffs are trimmed slightly on the coats with taffeta in black or colors, with narrow soutache outlinings forming flat neck and cuff adornments. The majority of the coats are collarless, and sleeves are of both wrist and elbow lengths. If the coat is loose, there may be a narrow vest.

The sleeves for practical coats and frocks are not nearly so big as those we have been wearing. When it comes to the odd coat, it is plain that the tan covert has not lost its prestige. There are many smart models, both long and short, but the shorter coats fall barely to the hip or the least bit below it.

A perfectly new model for tan covert or any lightweight cloth which would do for spring is a long, tight fitting jacket, which on the figure is extremely fetching. The seams of these run in long straight lines.

The child's coat illustrated is a model especially adapted for plume or any of the summer fabrics. It is trimmed with embroidery on collar and cuffs, and the double breasted fronts fasten with pearl buttons.

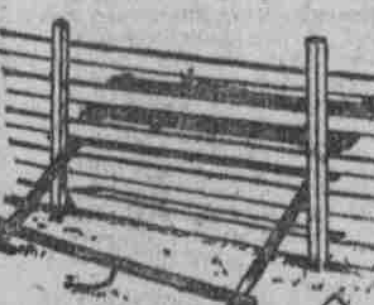
JUDIC CHOLLET.

The Ark.

The description of the ark, as given in the Scriptures, makes the vessel about 450 feet in length, 75 feet in breadth and 45 feet in depth, proportions similar to those now in use for great vessels.

Protective Hog Trough.

An illustration of a convenient hog trough, credited to Prairie Farmer, is described as follows: When not in use the frame above the trough is hooked



up, but when swill is to be poured into the trough it is unhooked and fastened with the chain. The plan is said to be very effective.

From City to Country.

In the north Atlantic states and in a less degree in other groups there has been some back pressure upon the land from the cities, and in this reversion of the tide of population from country to city the old farm lands have not been lost to agriculture, although in so far as they have become the diversion of wealthy men they may have become unprofitable. In some regions the old abandoned farms are becoming the country homes of city families and are passing back into some sort of cultivation and production.—G. K. Helms.

For Early Tomatoes.

For very early tomatoes we must first of all have very early strong plants of desirable early varieties, of which we now have several that can be relied on, such as Earliana, Maule's Earliest and June Pink.—T. Greiner in Farms and Fireside.

### AMIR WANTED DUKE'S WIFE

Chagrined to Find His Idea of Matrimony Not in Vogue

MADE ROYAL PRESENTS

To American Duches and Extended Hospitality of His Capital, Which the Duke, Warned, Declined.

New York, March 18.—A dispatch to the New York World says:

London, March 16.—The Duchess of Manchester, who was at Calcutta with Mr. and Mrs. G. Smith during the state festivities for the Amir of Afghanistan, attracted the very special and rather embarrassing admiration of this potentate, who was unfeignedly disgusted when he learned that the custom of Western countries.

The Duchess, who has made a study of Buddhist lore, first interested the fascinated Amir, who gave her presents as valuable as to the Viceroy, a fact which exercised jealousy in that quarter, as these levels of jewels of Eastern rulers are one of the special perquisites of the Viceroy's wives.

Whenever the Amir espied the Duchess, he with the manners of the true autocrat, ignored everybody else. He pressed the Duke and Duchess with suspicious warmth to pay him a visit at his capital at Kabul, where he declared he would do them royal honors.

The Duchess, nothing daunted, urged the Duke to accept; but the latter was advised by Indian officials accustomed to Afghan idiosyncrasies that, if it came to spending some millions sterling to rescue the party from the Amir's hospitality, an economical government might ask itself whether the game was worth the candle; besides, there would be a twenty-to-one chance that the Duke's throat would be cut before a red expedition were under way.

As an earnest of his interest, should he visit his court, the Amir gave the Duchess a large gold ingot; an exquisitely embroidered robe of the finest Kabul work; a string of uncut gems and a wonderful amber box set with coral, studded with turquoises.

### SIRENS AND SONS.

Isaac P. Newell, register of Plalide, Conn., has held office for the last thirty-five years.

Lord Cromer is such an industrious man for England in Egypt that he rarely accepts an invitation to dinner.

H. W. Coffin of Addison is the champion boat builder of Maine. He recently completed his three hundred and fortieth boat since 1880.

President Fallieres of France has his vineyards and his wine output, which he sells with a rugged and honest regard for others in the same business.

Andrew Carnegie, replying to a question about steel, wrote that having retired from it he did not care to open the subject; that he might have been a rich man if he hadn't resolved not to spend an old age in pursuit of steel.

Frederick C. Stevens, the newly appointed superintendent of public works in New York state, is president of a bank in Washington, owns a street car line there and runs a big stock farm near Africa, N. Y. He has many millions.

The Kentish fat boy, Charles Law Watt, of Woodchurch, England, has just celebrated his sixteenth birthday. During the past year he has increased in size, and he now weighs 373 pounds. On his fifteenth birthday he weighed 350 pounds.

Dr. Thomas L. Shearer, one of the most prominent physicians in Baltimore, has decided to go to India for the rest of his life and will try to induce others to follow his example. Dr. Shearer holds that if men would only go bareheaded a generation or two the baldheaded man would become a thing of the past.

The venerable Senator Pettus of Alabama was a lieutenant in the Mexican war. He rode horseback to California with the "forty-niners" and was advanced from there by the Confederate army. He was admitted to the bar at Gainesville, Ala., when he became twenty-one years of age.

George R. Peck, the brilliant Chicago attorney and the general counsel of the St. Paul road, is one of the few men in the United States that have refused to go to the United States senate. He was appointed once and would not take the place. As an orator and after dinner speaker Mr. Peck is considered to be one of the best in the country.

### THE HUMAN BODY.

There are 25,000 pores in the hands of a man.

The weight of the circulating blood is twenty-nine pounds.

The bones and muscles of the human body are capable of over 1,200 different movements.

If you were asked how many bones you had in your body, you would think of your arms, legs, feet, jaws, etc., and answer offhand about two or three dozen, but you would be very wrong. The total number of your bones is well over 200.

Grass Nesters.  
Among the large variety of birds which are to be found on the islands to the south of New Zealand is a species of parakeet, which is very plentiful. These islands do not contain a single stick of bush of any description, and the birds build their nests in the grass. They are not to be found in any other part of the world.

### DOWIE LEFT \$10,000,000

Not One Cent For His Son, Gladstone

ONE-THIRD GOES TO WIFE

And the Rest to Restore Zion City, on a Provision, However, That Volva Must Be Eliminated.

Chicago, March 18.—John Alexander Dowie, who was supposed to be poverty stricken, left an estate of \$10,000,000.

It is said he made a number of highly profitable investments and sequestered his fortune against the day when he should again control.

Under his wife, the interest on one-third is to go to the support of his wife. His son, Gladstone Dowie, is cut off without a penny. The residue is to go to Zion, with the absolute provision that Volva be ousted from any sort of control. Unless Volva is eliminated, then the vast fortune is bequeathed to certain philanthropic and educational institutions, the exact nature of which will not be disclosed until the will is read.

It is said that Dowie named Deacon F. W. Whitte as his successor, and unless the people accept Whitte, not one cent of his estate is to go to the church.

Deacon Whitte was faithful to his chief through all his adversity. He is a brainy and resourceful man, with a large following and a good standing among business men outside Zion.

Volva is still very ill with tonsillitis and the dread of Dowie's curse hangs heavily over the city of Zion.

Gladstone Dowie will probably not be disappointed by the fact that he is disinherited. His father made it plain to him on many occasions that he would have to hustle for his own subsistence. The will may be filed next week, when its exact terms will become known.

### MOTHER OF 16 AT 39.

Triplets Add to Martell Children, of Whom Fifteen Are Living.

Daggett, Mich., March 18.—Mrs. Joseph Martell, aged thirty-nine, mother of thirteen children, Saturday gave birth to triplets, and their survival swells her family to fifteen, there having been only one death.

The triplets include two boys and a girl, all strong. The mother is not in any danger. The boys weigh 6 and 5 1/2 pounds and the girl 5 1/2 pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Martell are of French ancestry and in humble circumstances. They live on a small farm of eighty acres about eight miles east of Daggett.

### ARSENIC IN CIDER.

Causes Death of Old Farmer in Adams, Mass.

Adams, Mass., March 16.—Edward Launt pleaded not guilty this morning to the charge of murdering Frank G. Ingram, an old farmer, for whom he worked at Windsor. Ingram died last night and it is charged that Launt put arsenic in his cider. Launt was taken to the Pittsfield jail.

### A WISP.

Wish I was a daisy—  
Holiday I'd keep;  
Springtime winds to fan me,  
Hockin' me to sleep.

Out in some green meadow  
Life would roll along,  
Sweeter than a dream is  
Ripped with a song!

Life o' toil 'n' trouble  
Never made for me!  
Want a river's freedom,  
Singin' to the sea!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A collection of arms and armor recently received from Spain, which was offered for sale at auction in 1839, has since been identified as containing many of the extra pieces from the superb series of suits in the royal Spanish army—those from there by an unscrupulous official, his theft being concealed from the authorities at the time by an accidental fire.

Brazilian admirers of the pope have sent him an album made of solid gold. On the inside is a likeness of Pius X, engraved on a gold leaf or plate, together with a map of Brazil to face it. Diamonds are inlaid on these native tokens of respect. A deputation of the faithful presented this 24 karat book, with an address that states the love and respect borne him by 20,000,000 of Brazilians.

### Catarrrh is the result of a rundown condition.

The best treatment is to build up your general health. After using Scott's Emulsion for a short time your whole system is so strengthened that you throw off the catarrrh.

ALL DRUGGISTS.  
50c. AND \$1.00.

Be sure you get this package Baker's Extracts

### STOP WOMAN AND CONSIDER



First, that almost every operation in our hospitals, performed upon women, becomes necessary because of neglect of such symptoms as Backache, Irregularities, Displacements, Pain in the Side, Dragging Sensations, Dizziness and Sleeplessness.

Second, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, has cured more cases of female ills than any other one medicine known. It regulates, strengthens and restores women's health and is invaluable in preparing women for child-birth and during the period of Change of Life.

Third, the great volume of unsolicited and grateful testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., many of which are from time to time being published by special permission, give absolute evidence of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

### Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

For more than 30 years has been curing Female Complaints, such as Dragging Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and Organic Diseases, and it dissolves and expels Tumors at an early stage.

### Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice. She is the Mrs. Pinkham who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years, and before that she assisted her mother-in-law, Lydia E. Pinkham, in advising. Thus she is especially well qualified to guide sick women back to health. Write today, don't wait until too late.

### FORKS.

They Were Introduced Into England in 1607.

The present year sees the tercentenary of the introduction of forks into England, for it was in 1607 that the now indispensable articles were introduced into France and England from Italy. It is odd that the discovery of the ordinary use of the fork should have been so long in being made, for in all ages man has used that instrument for getting his food out of the cooking pot, and those who carved the joints in Saxon and Norman times must have had something besides their knives and their fingers to work with. But it appears that it was in the reign of James I. that forks on the dining table made their first appearance among us, and for a long time they were by no means in common use. They were originally steel and two pronged, and silver forks were scarce and only used by high and puissant personages. There was undoubtedly a prejudice against them, and the habit of eating peas with a knife, which has been of so much service to comic writers, is no doubt a survival of the old feeling that a fork was hardly a manly adjunct to the dining table furniture. The advent of electroplate made the fork quite a common object, but it would not be a bad idea to hold an exhibition of early forks, silver and steel, by the way of celebrating the third centenary of their introduction into England.

He was quite right, which I, of course, disbelieved, and equally, of course, I discovered the truth for myself when in support of the terrible unbelieving characteristics "knowledge" and believed in "sentiment."

My brown-eyed nonderagger wagged a stumpy tail, offered me a paw, took two laps with that air of profound politeness which seems inbred in the blessed man's companion and so absent in man himself, and in so doing cast a shrewd eye into the dakened shop to let me down easy in the knowledge of proprietor's eye. Returning, somewhat wiser and much crestfallen within the doors, and anxious to explain my somewhat unnecessary entrance and application, I commented on the fact that apparently Cape dogs and European ones took a different point of view of life on a hot afternoon, to which my proprietor, in a somewhat pathetic tone of voice said, "Ah, yes, yes; of course you've not been here long."

Time I saw you was in the Isle of Man, and that is three years ago." It seems a somewhat far cry from Manxland to King William's Town, and, despite the humble outside appearance of his store, my proprietor was evidently so extremely satisfied with the conditions of things and looked so ridiculous and wealthy, or I thought it better not to add to my mistakes by asking how things had "turned up" in the way they had.

On another occasion, in America, I was waiting on by silver nails belonging to a hand which had been round my waist on more than one occasion at country balls. And for the two days during which he waited on me the pangs of hunger were great and dyspepsia rampant, in consequence of my lack of courage to ask for anything I wanted and conscientiously taking all that was presented to me which I did not want. For I was too filled with pity for the lack of things "turning up" the right way to worry my coddled partner for anything that was not there, and so anxious not to fail in appreciating his efforts in presenting me with what was, that nothing but a "Eustace Miles" strict diet for a fortnight could have ever put back my "Little Mary" into condition.

Almost as funny a specimen of the law of something "turning up" was when, desiring to be really comatose in full summer time, I "lazed away" some week or ten days in a little tiny provincial townlet in France, where the food for the body was excellent, and it was impossible for even the most active mind to find anything to feed the brain with. The only industry or interest the surrounding neighborhood was concerned in was growing peas for canning. And I defy the energy of an Edison or the enterprise of a Humboldt to grow anything but sleepy while studying the condition of peas—peas in rows, peas in bloom, peas in every period of their growth up a stick, peas in pot peas picked and peas unpicked—on a hot summer afternoon. Strolling about the town under pretence of "exercise" (Heaven save the mark!) and being heartily desirous of overhauling myself as a form of holiday exercise, I entered a delicious little patisserie presided over by a most hale and hearty large-framed male, who, understanding from the cut of my jib my nationality, at once hailed me in the most admirable English—shock No. 1—and with a directness of speech quite foreign to the polite Frenchman—shockbook No. 2—asked me, with my preliminaries, did I come from the south of England, and if so, what news, if any, had I of nautical affairs.

I knew directly I had entered the shop something was going to "turn up" the feeling permeated the air and danced in the hot shadows cast by the opposite wall, where ingenious little French children, with their idea of sport, were

killing flies. Feeling, however, my large friend was not to be lightly dealt with, I reeled off, as hard as I could, anything I did know and some things that I did not, and when his breezy comments thereon had ceased (also my capacity for swallowing the good things he supplied me with during the time, to the advance of his till and the detriment of my digestion), I ventured to ask why he was so interested in the sailor-man, and why he spoke such excellent English, and why in the heart of a flat plateau in the middle of France I found him at all! He explained to me that he had been cook on the Britannia for ten years. I felt then that the limit of things "turning up" of a quiet description had been reached, and out of gratitude for the unexpected return to the hotel ordered every newspaper and gazette that I could think of a weekly nature to be sent to my mind out of regard for his most worthy interest in my nation's nautical well-being and my satisfied greediness. And so I return to my profound belief that Mr. Micawber's formula is the truest of any proved philosopher's dicta—Pall Mall Gazette.

### THE PUBLIC.

I'm Mr. Public. I'm the gent Who always has to dig up when A raise of 10 per cent Is granted to the men Employed by any corporation.

By wise manipulation They lay the burdens fall on me; No matter what the case may be, I'm where the circle joins, I must produce the extra coins.

If Rockefeller makes a gift Or give a lift To anybody, I prepare to go Down in my pocket, for I know The price of oil will soar.

When the miners get a raise Of three or four Per cent, I gaze Upon my little store Of coal with sadness and regret. I always know they'll let Me pay the extra bill and charge me for the privilege of doing so. I'm Mr. Public. I am large And strong, and oh, The patience that is mine! The engineers demand more pay, and get it—what is fine—

And in a day Or two the rate Is raised on freight; Therefore, you see, I'm hand the burden back to me. If the men who cut the ice Demand a higher price And get it, You bet it Is I that will be pinched a little more, As I remarked before, I'm Mr. Public. I pay for every raise Conceded by the corporations; When public benefactors make donations They get the praise And then arrange to make me pay them back.

The money they so kindly handed out. Sometimes I think that I'm about The worst fooled thing on earth. They whack Me on the head and want me to pretend That I am gladened at the way they bruise me.

I wonder if, by chance, I have one friend Beneath the sun who wouldn't use me Unfairly to advance A selfish end?

—Chicago Record-Herald.

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—Chicago Record-Herald.



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